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children. Alfred was stunned by the intelligence, but there sat Lizzie before her easel, her cunning hand dropped listlessly at her side, her face downcast, and her eyes suffused in tears. It was more than the young man could stand; he knew if he remained there that his passion would lead him to claim the widow, children, and poverty; for what man could resist such beauty and goodness as that before him? Catching his hat, he rushed from the studio, hastened home, and, in the silence of his again deserted house, gave way to tears—real, manly tears—in the conflict between love and duty. Intense suspense had given way to heavy disappointment, and his heart was not strong enough to sustain the shock—it made him sick. Cold caught at the station-house, superadded to the fever of excitement, now shocked by a pang of pain, sharp as a sword in his side, threw the indiscreet lover into a fever of distressing character. No one in the house but the old coachman, no gentle mother to minister to the burning head, no gentle sister to minister to the heavily pulsing heart! The mother was recalled hastily from her country visit—the chambermaid came back to her service; but neither from coachman nor chambermaid could Mrs. Monsoon learn anything of what really had happened except the particulars of the row and arrest—nothing more. Alfred, in his fever ravings, told the story, however; and, though incoherent, yet plainly enough to lead the quick apprehension of the mother to guess that a lady was at the bottom of it all.

After nine days the fever abated, and Alfred was himself again. He told the whole story, like a man, to his mother, and promised to follow her better advice in the matter. He recovered rapidly, and was soon behind Blaze again, but evidently a changed man, subdued in temper, thoughtful and retiring. A month passed—two, three, six, twelve—and Alfred had grown into a model of manly nobility. Lizzie's name was never mentioned; but the watchful mother plainly perceived that the heart of her son was brooding over its love like a bird over its robbed and deserted nest. She resolved to question her son, and, if he still loved, to do a mother's solemn duty, and remove every restriction, so far as lay in her power. He was questioned, and the confession came that Lizzie Gray, with her poverty and children, was dearer to him than life, but that he had never seen her since the first interview, and had de-

termined not to see her again for fear he should give way to his passion, and do what might render his family and friends unhappy. Mrs. Monsoon made no reply, though her loving heart was deeply moved by her son's conflict with his sense of duty and his passion.

Blessed mother's solicitude!

Some days after the interview, Mrs. Monsoon remarked one morning that "she would have a lady friend to dine with her, and wished Alfred to come home early from his office," which he promised, in his quiet way, to do. The afternoon found him home. The lady guest was in the parlor, and Alfred was directed to go in and entertain her. Stepping into the room, half darkened by the closely drawn curtains, he beheld the visitor gazing at the portraits of the family. Around her were three beautiful children. One glance of the young man's eager eyes sufficed, and in a moment Lizzie Gray was clasped to his bosom.

The story was soon told. Mrs. Monsoon had gone down to Brady's—had been photographed—had sat to Mrs. Gray to have the pictured colored in oil—had drawn the artist out, and found her to possess a very superior mind as well as noble heart; and the good mother then told the young widow the tale of her son's struggle with his passion. Lizzie was moved to tears at the recital, confessed that Alfred had impressed his image indelibly upon her heart, but that she could never hope to stand at his side, since her circumstances forbade. Mrs. Monsoon arranged, with loving tact, for a meeting; it was done—Alfred and Lizzie were in one another's arms!

The marriage was not long delayed. "Our set," of course, gossiped and crooned over the matter, as if it was any of their business; but the happy couple cared little for such puffs of bad breath. The three children soon became the very light of the household, beloved by all, and by none more than by the old coachman and the now restored Trip, who seemed to regard the little ones as their own. The family carriage was enlarged; and every few days it may be seen passing up and down Broadway with as happy hearts inside and out as ever gave life and beauty to the gay promenade.

So much for one of the "asides" of Photographic Beauty.

## THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

Why thrill like harp-chorals 'neath the stormy sweep  
Of some grand master's hand, oh, soul of mine?  
Why rouse thee from thy careless dreams and sleep,  
And shake thy fettered wings with strength divine?

What burning words from human lip hath woke  
Thy charmed slumbers in a single hour?  
What tones of high command could thus invoke  
The palsied pulse of years, to deed of power?

Thou know'st thy destinies! thy hope is strong—  
And where the eternal mountain cliffs arise,  
Leave thy fair dreams in burning words of song,  
Thy memory lettered in immortal dyes!

Not here, my spirit! fold thine eagle wings,  
When gathering clouds of coming fears inform;  
Thine eyrie seek 'mid loftier, nobler things,  
Light gleams beyond, and God is in the storm!

On a high purpose stand—and from that height,  
Gaze out upon the future far and sure;  
So shall thy strength renew for nobler flight—  
And thy calm faith like pillar'd rocks endure!

Tho' far beneath are gentle Love and Trust,  
And all the golden dreams of earlier days;  
Tho' dearer hopes lie bleeding in the dust,  
Thou wilt not turn aside thy steadfast gaze.

Perchance an arrow, from a bow unseen,  
May strike thy soaring wing at dawn of day;  
And the pale angel comes, with brow serene,  
To take thy meed, thy holy gift away!

What then? The swan its death-song sweetest sings  
Pouring its thrilling notes on twilight air;  
So thou, my spirit! fold thy drooping wings,  
And breathe thy life out in wild requiem there!

Perchance its dying fall may charm the ear  
Of one whose heart had frozen in its youth;  
Of one who lingers, all too late, to hear  
The sinless melodies of love and truth.

Thy pinions bleed, and weary with the strife,  
Beating against their iron links of care;  
While golden hills loom up in fairer life,  
And in the distance mock thy chill despair.

Chained to the rocks of petty ills, art thou!  
Beneath the Lethæan river ebbs and flows:  
Promethean patience on thy stainless brow,  
And thine—an immortality of woes!

CORA MITCHELL DOWNS.

## TO —.

WITH every day and every hour  
I love thee more and more—  
The sea, with a resistless power,  
Doth wear away the shore.  
And so the wave of love doth roll,  
And beat against and wear  
My rocky selfishness of soul,  
Uprising hard and bare,  
Till, as the rock melts in the sea,  
My heart is overcome by thee.